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years of hard, confining work, I do not doubt but the thought that is uppermost in their minds is how much they can earn as private duty nurses. Of course, we all want to earn enough to live and live comfortably; we must live well or we will not be able to carry on our work, but after we have been nursing a little while we see that money is not everything. We must gain the confidence of each patient, we must prove to each physician for whom we nurse that we are the very best nurse he ever had, so when he is asked to recommend a nurse he will say, "Get Miss A if you can, she is a nurse who fits into any place." I would urge each one to do whatever her hand finds to do, whether it is really a nurse's duty or not. In a home where the mother of several children is ill, it does not lower the dignity of the nurse if she helps with the children or sees that proper food is ordered and prepared. Half the battle with a patient is to keep the mind at rest. By taking these small added duties upon yourself, you win the undying gratitude and affection of the whole family. It does not hurt the nurse, when there is only one maid, if the condition of the patient allows, to occasionally relieve this maid and let her have a few hours of recreation. When we go into a home where there is sickness and suffering, the opportunity is given us to make ourselves as helpful as possible and not an added worry, as so many families consider us. A great many people say, "What, a trained nurse! I should say not; if we get a nurse we will have to get another maid to wait on the nurse." This is all wrong. Never ask a maid to do anything for you that you can do for yourself.

MONDAY IN THE HOSPITAL

BY MARY CAMPBELL MACQUEEN

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A decided rap, then the door opening, and the night supervisor saying, "It's six o'clock, Miss Blue." "Thanks," sleepily murmurs Miss Blue, and proceeds to dress and get to the dining room at 6.30 to see if all the nurses are at breakfast in time to get something to eat before prayers at five minutes to seven. There were only a few stragglers. The hymn selected was "O God Our Help in Ages Past." The nurses sang very sweetly, it was inspiring, then after repeating the Lord's Prayer they went to the wards.

Miss Faint was reported to be ill; she had strained her back the week before and couldn't get her shoes on, and Miss Weak staid off on account of a sore throat. An operating room nurse was sent to relieve Miss Weak and the other ward had to manage without Miss Faint.

The night supervisor gave her report. Nothing disastrous had happened and at 7.30, Miss Blue went to breakfast, returning from the dining room at eight. After some conversation regarding nurses and work, she set off to make "rounds" equipped with pencils, late leave slips, words of admonition, etc.

The wards seemed quiet, work going pretty smoothly. There was a very heavy dish exchange; several nurses seemed to have fallen, carrying trays. Miss Blue was asked to exchange some rubber goods and on examining it, found it had been burned. It took some time to find the offender, who did not know it should have been reported and thought so long as she replaced it, nothing more was necessary. The rules regarding rubber goods were found and read, and now the nurse understands that any rubber goods destroyed must be reported by the unfortunate individual responsible for them.

In Ward "B," they had some safety razor blades for exchange. Some very particular nurse had boiled them for twenty minutes; she didn't think it would injure them and she did want to be sure they were clean.

Finally Miss Blue arrived at the Maternity Department and heard of a patient whose friends had reported to the doctor that she had been left on a bed-pan for an hour and a quarter, so she investigated and the patient denied having said anything of the kind,—her friends must have misunderstood. Well, had she anything to complain of? "Yes," her baby wasn't brought to nurse on time. How late was it brought? Fifteen minutes. The patient had had a special nurse till the day before, so she probably missed the constant attention. She was told it didn't seem quite fair that the nurses should be blamed for that bed-pan fable, and that her baby would be brought to her as near the hour as possible, a few minutes' difference, either way, was often unavoidable.

At last Miss Blue returned to the office, sorted books and repair slips and sent them to their respective places, arranged the nurses' hours off duty and was making ready to do a little supervising on the wards when the doctor of the woman in the Maternity Department, whose friends had complained, came for an explanation. He was told the result of the investigation and after a few questions, appeared satisfied. Before he went away, something was murmured about coöperation.

Now to Ward "C," where the work was pretty well done. Miss Careless was doing a dressing and was asked if she didn't think it was nicer for the patient and much better for the other patients to use a screen. Miss Careless thought that it would, and always used one, she just happened not to, this morning. Mrs. Dismal was crying

because she had been left till the last to be done up. Miss Blue tried to comfort her by telling her she was so well she could be left, while the others, God help them, were much worse and could not be left.

Miss Blue felt cheered when Mr. Bright, on Ward "B," told her he was fine, couldn't complain at all, the nurses were very good to him both day and night; he thought of the suffering of the boys at the front and said he was thankful he was so well. Mr. Bright had cancer of the oesophagus and couldn't swallow at all and had a consuming thirst.

Miss Blue was glad to find it was dinner time, so she went to the dining room and afterwards took a couple of hours' rest. While out for a walk she met the young woman whose back was so strained she couldn't get her shoes on. Her feet looked quite right and she was ambling along quite happily when she saw Miss Blue, and held her breath till she passed by. She regretted not having sent someone to put her shoes on for her in the morning.

Now on duty again with all armour on, Miss Blue had an interview with the operating-room nurse, who came to report that a patient had been sent to the operating room very poorly prepared,—in fact, it was most annoying for her. On inquiry it transpired that a junior nurse had been told to do this preparation, the senior on the ward thought the junior could do it; it being a quiet Sunday afternoon, the senior had a little clerical work to do. When asked if it were customary for her to see that all preparations on her ward were properly done, she answered, it was, but she was busy and thought the other nurse knew how.

Miss Blue made rounds and collected the night reports, found everything quiet, had supper and gave the night supervisor the report. She drew a long breath at 7.20, but didn't feel at all like singing, "The End of a Perfect Day." She wondered why nurses disregard instructions when they know the importance of them, and came to the conclusion it must be original sin. If not, she didn't know why they do it, but they do; however, it isn't always Monday.